

he paused, waved his hand toward Charette's house, from which the blue smoke cheerfully curled, and stood watching Pettingill as he made his way to the door. He saw the door open, and heard Euphrasie's exclamation:—

“Ah, 't is you. I di' n' ting you come so soon.”

When the door was closed, Billette went forward to the house, and passed through the yard and into the kitchen. There he found Pierre Charette enjoying his pipe. As Joi entered, Charette nodded his head toward the inner room and shrugged his shoulders.

“Yes,” said Joi, “it is the stranger. Euphrasie was glad to see him, then?”

“How can I know?” responded Charette. “Of the women we know nothing. They pet the pig and scald it. Go see for yourself if she is glad. The man cannot comprehend.”

“No, no,” said Joi, the blood mounting to his face.

“You have fear, then? Yes?”

For reply Joi laughed loudly, and the sound was so harsh and unnatural that those in the next room paused to listen, and madame put her head in the door to make inquiry.